

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your old acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is she the goddess that hath feuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

For. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall providence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer saw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father:
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must aske my child for giuenesse?

Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauinesse that's gone.

Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;

For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought vs hither.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzalo*!

Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O joyce!

Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage

Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,

Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,

When no man was his owne.

Alo. Give me your hands:
Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you ioy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesied, if a Gallies were on Land

This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear'd Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,

Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when

We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this seruice
Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall euent, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,

And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strange, and feuerall noyses

Of roring, threeking, howling, ginsling chaines,
And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible:

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them;
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature

Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Do not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure

(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolue you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery

These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their foule Apparell.*

Ste. Euery man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is

But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Coragio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controule the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,

And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:

I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a fore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handfomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,

And

And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?

And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest

For this onenight, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it

Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by

Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,

And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought shall be my graue.

Alo. I long

To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the care strangely.

Pro. I'll deliuer all,

And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch

Your Royall fleet farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements

Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,

spoken by Prospero.

NOW my Charms are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.

Which is most saint: now 'tis true
I must be heere confinde by you,

Or sent to *Naples*, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedome got,

And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,

But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:

Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my proiect failes,

Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,

And my ending is despaire,
Vlesse I be relieu'd by praier

Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faultes.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of *Naples*:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of *Millaine*.

Antonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of *Millaine*.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of *Naples*.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, & *Francisco*, Lords.

Caliban, a salvage and deformed slaue.

Trinculo, a leister.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaime.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to *Prospero*.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Inno

Nymphes

Reapers

Spirits.

FINIS.

THE